

Jag behöver dig

Gunnar Ardelius

mer än

jag älskar dig

och

比我爱你更重要的
是我如何爱你

jag älskar dig så himla mycket

中信出版集团

比起爱你， 我更需要你

中英双语对照版

I need you more than I love you
and I love you to bits

210 页，210 天，210 个场景
从相识到现在，从陌生到相爱
从疼爱到伤害，从厮守到分开
一段爱情究竟是在哪个时刻消失的？

来自北欧的神奇之书
爱过的人都会看

How do you know when it's over

版权信息

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作者:[瑞典]格纳·阿德里尤斯

译者:赵清

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但爱这个字

——这个字在逐渐变暗，变得沉重和摇摆不定并开始侵蚀这一页纸，你听……

雷蒙德·卡佛

第一幕

Her foot slides over and then back,

cautiously stroking the toes of his left foot. His head quivers when he glances up and catches her gleaming eyes, as wide as five-kronor coins. He blushes, noting the soft tug at his heart.

她的脚缓缓地伸了过去，然后又撤了回来，⑨

小心地抚弄着他左脚的脚步。他抬起头，迎面看到她闪闪发亮的眼睛，大大的，像五克朗的硬币，头脑中不禁一阵眩晕。他脸红了，意识到心微微一动。

“Where’ d you learn to kiss like that?” She tilts her head

and looks down at the cuticles.

“Like what?”

“Like how you do.”

“I learned it from another girl.”

“Ah ... Pity. I thought you taught yourself on your hand.”

“你在哪儿学的这么接吻？”她仰起头，

垂下眼看着手指甲。

“什么？”

“就像你刚才那样。”

“跟另一个女孩学的。”

“是吗……真遗憾。我以为你无师自通呢。”

The room is red, everything in the room is red:

the carpet, the bedspread, the wallpaper, a big, fuzzy teddy bear like you win at the fair. Even the threshold leading into the room is red.

“Do I dare go in here?” He senses right away how silly he’s being. Then he doesn’t manage to think anything else. She shoves him brusquely into the room, though with a smile that exudes something else. Shuts the door so the music and the hum disappear, and lies down on the bed. He doesn’t lie down but walks around the room a little aimlessly, picks up a Barbie doll with its hair dyed red.

“Do you think she dyed the hair herself, or can you buy them this way? ”

“Come here for a minute, lie down instead and you can play with the dolls later.”

房间是红色的，房间里的一切都是红色的：

地毯、床罩、壁纸，还有一只毛茸茸的玩具熊，游乐场中奖得来的那种。就连进屋的门槛也是红色的。

“我真的敢进去吗？”他感到自己笨得没救了。他还来不及多想，她就把他推进了房间，动作粗鲁，不过嘴唇上的一抹笑容却透露出其他意味。关上门，音乐和嘈杂声消失了，她躺在床上。他没有躺下，在房间里漫无目的地走来走去，拿起一个红头发的芭比娃娃。

“你觉得，是她自己把娃娃的头发染成了这样，还是直接买了这种发色的娃娃？”

“到这里来，过来躺下，你可以晚点再玩娃娃。”

Dad is bipolar.

That means that he gets a rune tattooed on his right arm when he goes to Iceland; that he takes up smoking when he ‘s forty-seven; that sometimes he leaves an enormous tip when he eats out; that he laughs louder than other people and cries more quietly. But most of the time it doesn’ t mean anything.

爸爸患有双相情感障碍症^注。

这意味着，他去冰岛的时候，会在右胳膊刺上如尼文^注文身；他在四十七岁的时候开始抽烟；有时他去餐厅吃饭，会给几百克朗的小费；和别人相比，他笑得大声，却哭得悄无声息。绝大多数情况下，他和正常人一样。

It' s going to haunt him,

he understands that even now. The sweet, stuffy smell in the room, her blotchy face that melts into everything else. She pulls up his shirt so his stomach shows, then does the same thing to herself and presses her bare midriff against his. “Skin,” she says, scrunching her eyes and mouth into the middle of her face.

眼前的这一切会留在他脑海中很久，挥之不去，

他现在就已经明白了。屋子里甜腻、浑浊的气味，她绯红的脸颊，融进其他一切红色之中。她拉起他的套头衫——他的肚子露了出来——然后也拉起自己的，把自己的肚皮贴在他的肚皮上。“肌肤相亲。”她说，心满意足地眯起眼睛，嘟起嘴巴。

The first thing he sees when he wakes up is the

clothing strewn in black patches across the floor. Wrapped in a blanket, he goes downstairs to the living room. The coffee table is covered with beer cans, and someone has curled up into a little ball in an armchair. Stepping cautiously he goes back up the stairs again. The red room is paler in the morning light. He gently shakes her until she wakes up.

“So, what was your name?”

“Betty.”

“I’ m Morris. Can we meet again sometime?”

他醒来第一眼看到的是地板上散落满地的衣服，

像是一块块污渍。他裹着一条毯子，走下楼梯，来到起居室。茶几上摆满了啤酒罐，在一张躺椅上，有个人蜷缩成一团，像个小小的球。他小心翼翼地又上了楼。在日光下，红色房间的颜色浅淡了很多。他轻轻将她摇醒。

“你到底叫什么名字啊？”

“贝蒂。”

“我叫莫里斯。以后我们还能再见面吗？”

Mom’ s ceiling has a crystal chandelier.

It clashes with everything else in the apartment: the children's drawings on the walls; the big piles of newspapers and notepads that have been scribbled all over; the floral-patterned sofa and the rice pillow you sit on. The crystal chandelier is an heirloom. Now it's lying on the kitchen table split apart into hundreds of dusty pieces. One by one she dunks them down into a bucket of water and soap, then takes them out and gives them to Morris who dries them with a rag. That's her method, he thinks, to devote a ton of energy to a small detail and let what's out of control keep on being uncontrollable.

妈妈家有一盏水晶灯，吊在屋顶上。

它和这栋公寓里所有的东西都格格不入：墙上的儿童画、一捆一捆堆积如山的废报纸、写满字迹的笔记本、花布沙发以及日式荞麦靠垫。水晶灯是遗物，现在它躺在餐桌上，被七零八落地拆成好几百块布满尘土的挂件。她一个接一个地把这些挂件浸入装满肥皂水的水桶里，然后再把它们拿出来交给莫里斯，莫里斯负责用一块布把它们擦干。“这是她的方式。”他想，“在细节上耗费大量的精力，让不可控的事情更加不可控。”

The light and the warmth disappear,

moving on to somewhere else. It doesn't matter. They sink into the coming darkness. There were some howls coming from a couple of people drinking beer and sitting around a

tape recorder. Betty points to one of the people, a guy with a face that in the twilight looks like it consists mostly of nostrils, two big holes.

“I made out with him last week. It was really great, actually.” Ice shoots through him for a second before he gets that she’s joking.

“But he was sniffing the whole time, so I was forced to tell him to leave,” she says, at the same time leaning into him so she ends up with her cheek against his throat.

“I’ve been thinking about you,” he says after a while. “I was really happy when you called.”

“Well, you said I should.”

He tries to breathe as normally as possible.

“Yeah, but not that you should call the same day.”

光亮和热度都已不知不觉消失了。

不过没关系。他们沉浸在缓缓而来的黑暗中。吵闹声从几个围坐在录音机旁喝啤酒的人那边传来。贝蒂指着他们中的一个，在黄昏里，那个大男孩的脸看上去好像基本上都被鼻孔占据了，只留下两个大大的洞。

“我上星期和他约会来着，差点儿就过夜了，感觉相当爽呢。”他僵在那里一秒钟的时间，立刻明白过来，她在开玩笑。

“不过他不停地吸鼻子，我只能把他轰走了。”说着，她把身子靠过去，脸颊刚好抵着他的脖子。

“我一直在想你。”过了一会儿，他开口说，“你打电话来，我真的高兴极了。”

“我不是说过，我会打电话的吗？”

他努力让呼吸尽可能显得自然些。

“可你没说当天就会打电话给我啊！”

The hot dog stroganoff sits pathetically on the table.

Dad gives him so much, it overflows the plate. It's always hot dog stroganoff when he comes to visit. "Why do anything else when I'm so good at this?" he says. It's weird to be there when he's cooking. "Here's how you do it," he says, carefully cutting the onion and hot dogs into precise cubes. He uses the half-cup measure for the cream, a tablespoon for the tomato paste, and a quarter teaspoon to determine the proper amount of salt.

俄式酸奶焗碎香肠在餐桌上冒着热气。

爸爸给他盛了满满一盘，几乎都要溢出来了。他每次去看望爸爸的时候，爸爸都会做俄式酸奶焗碎香肠，并说：“既然我这么擅长做这道菜，那为什么要做其他的呢？”给爸爸做饭打下手总是让人感觉

怪怪的。“这道菜要这么做。”爸爸边说边仔仔细细地把洋葱和香肠切成四四方方的小块。用量勺来舀奶油，用餐勺来盛番茄酱，用带刻度的调料勺精确控制盐的用量。

“I thought about you all day today.

That I was going to meet you tonight. The expression you would have when you met me. The way I would open my mouth when we kissed, sort of half-open so you would switch in the middle of the kiss and turn it into a French kiss. How we would walk down the street, which display windows we would stop in front of, and which ones we would just walk by. About all the people who would see us and wonder what fun place we were off to.”

“我今天一整天都在想你。

想着晚上就要见到你了。想着见到我时你的模样，还有我们亲吻时我张开嘴的方式。我要把嘴张开一点点，这样在亲吻的过程中，你就可以随时改变主意，把亲吻变成舌吻。我还在想，我们要怎样沿着这条路走，在哪些橱窗前我们要停下来看看，而哪些我们径直走过去就好了。我想过所有我们可能会遇见的人，以及我们到底要去哪个有趣的地方才好。”

They open their jackets in the wind and lean out

over the railing, as if they were about to take off from the Västerbro Bridge and sail over the city. The air is so clear and cold that their eyes sting. There's no limit to how far they can see. She looks at him, how his cheeks have turned red from the wind. He looks at her, at her hair that seems like it wants to flutter away from her head.

他们敞开上衣，迎着风，

身体探出栏杆外，好像他们就要从桥上飞起来，飞过整座城市。空气如此清冽，眼睛竟有些刺痛。极目远眺，景致难以尽揽。她看着他，风吹红了他的脸颊。他看着她，她的头发被风撩起，好像要倏然飞去。

Her stomach is wet with sweat,

her belly button has turned into a little pool of water;
he forms letters with his index finger.

“What are you doing?”

“Writing.”

“What are you writing?”

“*Morris was here.*”

The sheets make a muffled, rustling noise when she sits up. What he wrote disappears into the folds of her stomach.

她的腹部被汗水浸湿了，

肚脐形成了一个小水洼，他用食指在上面写字。

“你在干什么？”

“写东西。”

“写什么？”

“这里躺着莫里斯。”

她坐了起来，床单下传出嘎吱嘎吱沉闷的响声。他写的字消失在她肚皮的褶皱里。

She pours milk into the coffee. In his head
he

counts the number of seconds she lets it flow. He gets to five seconds before she sets the milk down and drops in two sugar cubes. He makes a mental note of that: five seconds, two cubes. She drinks the coffee in a slightly different way, submerges her upper lip and slurps up a few drops at a time. Her actions sink down into him like stones in wet cement. They' ve known each other for a week and four days now.

她往咖啡里倒牛奶。他在头脑中默数

牛奶会这样流几秒。数到五秒的时候，她放下牛奶，扔进去两块方糖。他把这些记下：五秒、两块。她喝咖啡的方式有点特别：她会把上嘴唇放进杯子里，每次吸上来一小口。她的动作隐入他的心里，像石块掉进湿漉漉的水泥浆里。现在他们已经相识一个星期零四天了。

“If anything interesting happens, I just think how

I’ ll tell you about it as exactly as possible later. Today on the way to school I saw an earthworm that had dried onto the asphalt and was stuck there. If I ‘d told anyone at school that, they would’ ve just laughed. But when I thought about the earthworm, I was totally sure you would understand. It was just hard to wait all day.”

“What did you think?”

“That it looked sad.”

“一旦发生了有趣的事情，我就心心念念地

想要一字一句说给你听，尽量不丢掉任何一个细节。今天去学校的路上，我看到一条蚯蚓，它已经干死在柏油路上，它粘在地上了。如果我把这个讲给学校里的人听，他们肯定只会哈哈大笑。但是每当我想起那条蚯蚓时，我知道你一定会懂我的感受。只是要等待一整天太煎熬了。”

“你当时在想什么？”

“我就是觉得难过。”

A scrap of paper tumbles out of his jacket pocket,

crumpled and old. She picks it up off the ground, trying to read a few words. They're written in pencil, blurry, and jotted down carelessly. When he sees the scrap, his face freezes up and he holds his hand out for it.

一张纸条从他的上衣口袋里掉出来，

已经皱成了一团。她从地上捡起来，想要看看上面写了什么。字是用铅笔写的，不太清楚，而且字迹潦草。当他看到纸条时，表情瞬间僵住了。他伸出手去抓那张纸条。

With both arms he pulls the comforter over their heads,

fluffs it up so it forms a little tent.

“Time has stopped in here,” he says, huddling against her. “Under this comforter our names are Peanut and Sailor, there aren't any other people, and we're going to live here

forever, maybe have some little brats who think this bed is the whole universe.”

“How will we get food?”

“There’ s no need for food. We’ ll live on hugs and kisses. And if we want something after all, then we can just order out for Thai food.”

“I’ m starting to find it a little hard to breathe,” she says, gasping for air. “Would a little breathing hole be all right?”

他用双手把被子拉过他们头顶，

拢起一些来，成了一个小小的帐篷。

“在这里，时间静止了。”他边说，边蜷缩着靠在她身边，“在这个被子下面，我们就是Peanut和Sailor^注，世上没有其他人，我们一辈子都会住在这里。也许会生几个小混蛋，他们会觉得这张床就是整个宇宙。”

“我们怎么吃东西呢？”

“不需要吃的，我们靠亲吻和拥抱生活。如果我们特别饿的时候，可以打电话叫份泰餐。”

“我开始喘不过气来了。”她说着力吸了几口气。“留个透气的小缝行不行？”

She wakes up because she laughed in her sleep.

It's light and sunny out. It's shining on his face, which looks a little younger when he's asleep, more open and more relaxed. His mouth is pressed against the pillow, where there's a little puddle of drool. Shaped like a little heart, she thinks. Under the covers it's warm and smells like their bodies. She rubs against him until he wakes up.

她从梦中笑醒了。

天已经亮了，艳阳高照。阳光洒在他的脸上，他睡着的时候看起来像一个孩子，放下了一切防备。他的嘴唇压在枕头上，旁边留下了一小片口水渍。形状有点像一颗心，她想。被子下面很暖和，散发着他们肢体的气味。她用身体去蹭他，直到他醒来。

“We can eat breakfast in my room if you ‘d rather.”

She's leaning against the door wearing a T-shirt and underwear.

“I'm coming. I just have to get dressed.” He sniffs at the doorway. Smelling the scent of coffee and toast. When they trot down the stairs he sticks close behind her.

“Ah, the young master and mistress have seen fit to greet the day already?” Betty’s mom says, walking over to them and smiling. She hugs Betty and then, to his surprise, hugs him, too.

“Here’s your seat, Morris. I boiled your eggs for seven minutes.”

“如果你喜欢在我房间里吃早餐的话，

我们可以把早饭拿到这里来吃。”她穿着短袖T恤和内裤，倚在门上。

“我这就来，让我先把衣服穿上。”他对着门缝嗅了嗅鼻子，闻到了咖啡和烤面包的气味。他们下楼梯的时候，他紧紧跟在她身后。

“呀，小夫妇这么早就起来了？”贝蒂的妈妈笑着朝他们走来，拥抱了贝蒂，令他吃惊的是，也拥抱了他。

“这是你的座位，莫里斯。我给你们两个煮了鸡蛋，七分钟。”

She pinches a piece out of the slice of bread and

rolls it into a little ball, takes another piece of bread and rolls it up the same way. When she’s rolled up twenty bread balls, she starts dunking them in strawberry preserves, one by one so they resemble small gooey berries. The crusts are still lying on the table, looking pathetic. “You can

have them,” she says. “I don’ t like the crusts.” When she’ s done dunking the balls, she puts them in a bowl and fills it with milk until they aren’ t visible anymore. Then she takes a spoonful of sugar and sprinkles it over the milk.

她从长条面包上掰下来一小块，

搓成小圆球，又掰下一块，用同样的方式搓成小球。她就这样弄了二十来个面包球，然后把它们一个接一个蘸上草莓果酱，它们看上去就像黏糊糊的浆果。面包皮还留在桌子上，看起来像狗啃过似的。

“你可以拿去吃。”她说，“我不喜欢吃面包皮。”她把所有的面包球都蘸上草莓酱，然后把它们放进一个碗里，倒上牛奶，直到牛奶没过那些小球。然后她往牛奶里撒了一大勺糖。

Dad’ s wearing his reading glasses and is leaning

over the Saturday crossword puzzle in *Dagens Nyheter*.

“Come help me out, Morrie. I have to finish this before we can go to the game.”

“But the game starts in half an hour.”

“Yeah, that’ s why I need your help so much.”

He’ s filled in almost all the boxes in very meticulous handwriting. The writing doesn’ t go outside the lines anywhere; rather, it stays inside. It seems like a really

depressing crossword puzzle: *alone* intersects *naïve*, which intersects *mislead*.

“There’ s just this word left now, a nine-letter word for *pigment products*.”

“*Paintings*,” Morris says. “It has to be *paintings*.”

“Well, I’ ll be damned. I think that’ s right.” Dad slaps him on the back and a warmth spreads through the room.

爸爸戴着老花镜，坐在那里

全神贯注地做着《每日新闻报》上的周末填字游戏。

“过来帮帮忙，莫里斯，我得在去看比赛前把它做出来。”

“可是，还有半个小时比赛就开始了。”

“是啊，所以你更要来帮忙了。”

他工工整整地填好了几乎所有的方格。没有任何笔画跑到格子外面，每一笔都规规矩矩地待在格子里。这是个令人感觉相当压抑的填字游戏：**孤独**伴随着**无知**，**无知**又伴随着**迷茫**。

“现在只剩下这个词了，**彩色创意产品**，用九个字母组成的单词来表达。”

“*Paintings*，”莫里斯说，“肯定是这个词。”

“对，没错！”爸爸捶了他的背一下，一阵暖意在房间里蔓延开来。

The team scores a goal and Dad abruptly moves closer,

his hands fumbling hesitantly; he pulls Morris to him and gives him a peck on the cheek, a little wet and stubbly. After the game they go to Pelikan and drink an aperitif of Bäska Droppar, then eat egg-and-anchovy salad on dark rye and drink beer. Dad laughs so loud that a man in the group next to them turns around and stares.

进球了。爸爸突然靠近他，

双手笨拙地伸过来，把他拉到自己身边，在他脸上亲了一下，有点扎。比赛结束后，他们去Pelikan^注吃鸡蛋凤尾鱼黑麦沙拉，喝啤酒和苦艾酒。爸爸大声地笑着，旁边一桌有个人转过身瞪了他一眼。

“Do you think crazy people are drawn to each other?”

“Yeah, I think the ones who are insane choose each other to be able to put up with it at all. Then the ones who are left can be drawn to each other to their hearts' content.”

“But if the crazy people get together with other crazy people, then the children should be total fruitcakes. And their children in turn would be walking vegetables.”

“The sickest ones probably don’ t have any kids; they kill themselves instead.”

“你有没有觉得，那些疯疯癫癫的人会彼此吸引？”

“没错，我觉得疯子会选择疯子，这样才能彼此忍受。然后，那些剩下的人就会彼此吸引，只要他们还有兴致。”

“可是如果疯子和其他疯子在一起，他们的孩子就会成为彻头彻尾的精神病，而他们的下下一代就会是低能儿。”

“病得最厉害的人肯定不会生孩子的。他们会自杀。”

**Mom talks about her dreams, reads poems
she’ s written,**

and tells stories about Sixten’ s adventures in the Congo. He’ s a guard at an airport. One day he saw someone throwing empty bottles over the barbed-wire fence to another guy standing on the outside who stuffed them into a suitcase. Sixten went over and asked them what the heck they thought they were doing. The man threw himself down at Sixten’ s feet, crying and begging not to be fired. “Okay, I ‘ll let it go this time,” Sixten said.

妈妈在讲她的梦，读她写的诗，

还讲述了“西克森刚果历险记”。西克森负责看守飞机场。有一天，他看到一个人把空瓶子抛过铁丝网给外面的人，而外面的那个人把瓶子塞进一只旅行袋里。西克森走上前去，喝止他们，对他们说，别他妈的这么干，没人会干这个吧？那个男人扑倒在他脚下，痛哭流涕地求他不要开除自己。“好吧，这次就饶了你。”西克森说。

The rag rug at Mom' s house is still on the floor of

the hallway. He lifts it up and peers at the floor underneath; it has a different patina there — untrodden. He remembers the rug as rainbow-colored, that he used to let his fingers run along the edges of the different fabrics, naming the colors to himself, names that only he knew. Now the colors in the rug have all been washed out and turned gray.

妈妈家的碎布地毯还原封不动地铺在客厅地板上。

他把地毯掀起来看它下面的地板，那里有另外一种光泽——没有被踩踏过的光泽。他记得，地毯有彩虹的颜色，他经常用手抚摸不同颜色的布条，并且给这些颜色起名字——只有他一个人知道的名字。现在地毯上的颜色已经被洗得褪色了，变得灰蒙蒙的。

“Come here, I have to check something.”

She stretches out her arms toward him. “I’ m going to count all your moles and write the results in my blue book. I’ ll count them every day from now on. Surely we can agree on that?”

“过来，我得确认一件事。”

她向他伸出手来。“我要数一数你身上一共有多少块胎记，然后记在我的蓝色本子上。以后我每天都要数一次，就这样决定了好吗？”

He stole a postcard from Mom.

A soldier’ s black silhouette stands out against a large sun, and the Swedish flag is planted the same way the United States flag is on the moon. It says *Posted for peace* at the top. It’ s from Sixten. He turns the postcard over. “Thinking about you a lot, missing you more,” he wrote.

他从妈妈那里偷了一张明信片。

圆圆的太阳背景衬托出一个士兵的黑色剪影，还有一面瑞典国旗，像美国把国旗插在月球上那样被插进土地里。最上面写着“为了和平的使命”。这是西克森寄来的。他把明信片翻过来，上面写道：“想起你很多，想念你更多。”

“Sometimes when you look into my eyes I have to

look away because it feels like you can see what I’ m thinking.”

“Well, I can. Right now you’ re thinking about my stomach, here where there’ s a little roll of fat.”

“No, I’ m thinking that you’ re a chemist and that I’ m your molecules, Morris molecules. You’ re trying to make a potion out of me, a love potion that you will give to people who don’ t have any love in their lives.”

“Now you’ re thinking that my hand is cool and feels nice against your throat.”

“有时你看着我的眼睛，我不得不避开你的目光，

我觉得，你好像能看到我在想什么似的。”

“我确实可以啊。现在你在想，我的肚子鼓鼓的，像个大面包。”

“错。我在想，你是化学家，我是你的分子，莫里斯分子。你尝试用我做一种粉末，一种叫爱情的粉末，你要把它送给那些没有爱的人。”

“现在你在想，我的手凉凉的，放在脖子上可真舒服啊。”

It swings back and forth in him.

The thought that they' ll stay together, then that they won' t; both are frightening. Her hard collar bone and the softness that slopes below it. He can choose between the alternatives.

他的内心摇摆不定，来来回回撕扯。

他们会在一起，或者他们不会在一起，这两个念头都令他感到恐惧。她坚硬的锁骨和那下面隆起的柔软部分，他可以在两者之间徘徊。

“My taste has changed.

The love songs on the radio have started describing how everything really is. I 'm not sure I can deal with being happy, it feels like I' m made out of play dough. I don' t want to be in love like that, like all the other boring people. Our love is different. It' s about us.”

“我的喜好已经发生了变化。

收音机里的爱情歌曲好像已经开始描述现实中的事情了。我没有把握一定能开开心心的。感觉我好像是用橡皮泥捏成的一样。我不想

以这种方式恋爱，就像其他讨厌鬼一样。我们的爱情是与众不同的。它只关乎我们两个。”

“I want to know everything you’ ve ever done.”

“You’ re not going to think it’ s that interesting.”

“Why did time even exist before we met each other? To me it doesn’ t feel like it did.”

“For me there’ s a before. It’ s like a boundary, everything good on one side and everything bad on the other.”

“我想知道认识我之前，你做过的每一件事情。”

“你肯定不会觉得有意思的。”

“为什么会有我们相遇之前的那段时间？我根本不觉得那段时间存在过。”

“对我来说，有一段此前的时间。这就像一道分界线，所有好的都在一边，所有不好的都在另外一边。”

What if everyone in the world were the same

except two people. He looks at himself and then at Betty. Her hands disappear into a big white cloud of soapsuds as she does the dishes, but they're still in there, submerged, he can be sure of that. She holds out her wrinkly hands and sets them in his lap and lets him wipe them dry with the dishtowel, and the skin on her fingertips slowly stretches back out. When her skin acts that way he wants to say to her, *We belong together like Hennes & Mauritz. Those people out there aren't us. Don't go.*

也许世上所有的人都是一个样——除了他们俩。

他看看自己，然后又看看贝蒂。她在刷碗，双手消失在一大片泡沫“云朵”中，但是那双手就在下面，这一点他可以肯定。刷完后，她把那双皱皱巴巴的手放在他的腿上，让他用毛巾擦干。指尖的皮肤慢慢地平整起来，当她的皮肤发生这种变化的时候，他真想对她说：我们两个就像H&M^注一样属于彼此。外面的那些人都是其他人。不要离开。

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1. 本书中文译本根据瑞典语原著翻译完成，故某些细节会与英文译本略有出入，请读者朋友知悉。如无特别说明，本书脚注均为译者注。
 2. 双相情感障碍症，又称“双极性情感障碍”或“躁郁症”，属于情感性精神障碍（mood disorder）的一种类型，指既有躁狂发作，又有抑郁发作的一类疾病。
 3. 如尼文是北欧古文字母，被认为是有魔力的符号。
 4. 此处出自大卫·林奇执导的电影《我心狂野》（Wild at Heart, 1990），Peanut是男主人公Sailor对女主人公的爱称。该片讲述了一对爱情至上的情侣不顾女方母亲的反对坚持结婚，并因此展开逃亡的故事。
 5. Pelikan是斯德哥尔摩一家历史悠久的瑞典风味餐厅，始建于1733年。
 6. H&M（Hennes&Mauritz）为瑞典著名品牌。

第二幕

She sits down on his knee in the crowd,

flicks her lighter, and holds the flame down toward the grating. “Do you see? There’s an old bus pass, one of those big ones with a picture on it. I wonder how long it’s been lying there.”

“Shouldn’t we put something in there, so that our grandchildren can come here and be amazed?”

“No, just a secret sign for the two of us, no grandchildren.” She digs around in her jacket pockets with both hands and pulls out a coin. “We’ll throw this fifty-öre coin in; that symbolizes eternal love and happiness. We’ll kiss it so a little of each of us sticks to it.”

在熙熙攘攘的人群中，她突然蹲了下来，

点燃了打火机，把火苗对着下水道的排水口。“你看，那里有一张旧月票卡，那种带照片的老式大卡片。我很想知道，它躺在那里多久了。”

“我们要不要也往里面放件东西呢？这样我们的孙子孙女就可以来这里胡思乱想了。”

“不，只是我们两个人的秘密信物，不要孙子孙女来看。”她双手在夹克口袋里摸索了半天，掏出来一枚硬币。“我们把这枚五角钱的硬币扔下去，它代表着永恒的爱情和快乐。我们都亲吻它一下，这样它就会带上我们的印记。”

Wasn' t it true that he' d understood as
early as that

first morning when she opened her eyes that they would stay together? He can' t tell anymore; the way he remembers her changes all the time. In the future the way he feels now will be distorted.

难道不是在第一天早晨，她刚刚睁开眼睛时，

他就意识到他们要在一起了吗？现在已经说不清了，他记忆中的她一直都在变化。他现在所了解的那个她，在未来也一定会发生改变。

“That' s what scares me,

how sometimes when I talk to you it starts bubbling out of me. I say things I thought would be private.”

“Like what?”

“The thing about the cavity in my tooth, for example. I tell other people that I’ ve never had a cavity, because I don’ t feel like that teensy one counts. But when you ask, I have to tell it exactly like it is and then I notice that I’ ve almost forgotten the truth. Because I’ ve said something else so many times.”

“Well, isn’ t that good, then?”

“I mean, you could ask about anything. I’ m not sure I’ ll tell the truth about everything.”

“正是这一点让我害怕，

有时候，我和你说话时，有些话会不由自主地从嘴里冒出来。我会把我本不想告诉别人的事情说出来。”

“例如？”

“例如我牙齿里长了一个洞。对其他人，我会说我的牙从来都没有过洞，因为我不认为那种特别小的洞也算。可是一旦你问起来，我就会说出每一个组成我的细节，这时才会意识到，我几乎已经忘掉了准确的事实。因为那些说法我已经说过太多遍了。”

“这样不好吗？”

“你想问什么就问什么。不过我并不确定，我能把所有细节都完整地告诉你听。”

There' s a pendulum on the desk in Dad' s office.

It has five silver balls that move back and forth in an unflinching arc. On the desk there are also big piles of job applications. Morris slices open an envelope with a letter opener made of black wood.

“ ‘Hi, my name is Gunnar,’ ” he reads aloud from the application. “ ‘ Since the age of three I have...’ ”

“Toss the letter,” Dad says. “You can’ t have a name like that here.”

He sits alone in the office for a while and waits for Dad’ s meeting to be over. The pendulum ticks back and forth. When Dad comes back he’ s got a couple of crumpled grocery-store bags into which he starts scooping the applications.

“These are the unlucky ones, and we don’ t want people who are unlucky.”

爸爸办公室的桌子上有一个晃来晃去的牛顿摆球，

它由五个银色小球组成，永远不知疲倦地来回沿着一个弧形摆动着。在办公桌上还有高高一摞求职信。莫里斯用一把黑色木头做成的裁纸刀打开了一个信封。

“你好，我的名字叫格纳。”他高声朗读起求职信来，“最近三年，我……”

“把这封信扔了。”爸爸说，“在这里不能有叫这个名字的人。”

他在办公室独自坐了一会儿，等着爸爸的会议结束。钟摆滴答滴答地左右摆动着。爸爸回来的时候，手里拿了几只皱皱巴巴的购物袋，然后把求职信一股脑扒拉进袋子里。

“这些家伙是倒霉鬼，我们可不想要倒霉鬼。”

He looks out over Lake Brunnsviken.

At the glass walls and ceiling of the SAS building, at the highway embankment's attempt to keep out the grime and noise, at the Scandic Hotel, and at Statoil's unintelligible logo. Then he turns his head and looks at the Museum of Natural History and the Wenner-Gren Center. Betty is somewhere behind all of this, behind all the unimaginative buildings and asphalt gray roads built by middle-aged men. For a moment a mild sense of panic grips him. What would he do if she didn't exist? Go to museums, live in a hotel, build highways?

他眺望着深井湾。

他的目光越过海湾，看到北欧航空公司大楼的玻璃墙和玻璃屋顶；看到高速公路护栏为试图阻隔开肮脏和吵闹所做的努力；看到斯堪迪克酒店和国家石油公司令人费解的标识。然后扭过头，目光扫过自然历史博物馆和文纳格伦中心。贝蒂就在这一切背后的某个地方，

在那些毫无想象力的建筑物和中年男人们铺设的灰暗的沥青道路后面。有那么一刻，一阵轻微的惊慌突然间涌上心头。如果她不存在，那他该做什么呢？参观博物馆，住酒店，修建高速公路吗？

“Before I met you I could try on a pair of jeans

and think: What does it matter if they're a perfect fit? The funnest thing I'm going to do today is still going to be getting to watch a rerun of *Beverly Hills 90210*. I might as well buy a black plastic bag. That would be cheaper.

“I take it you never did walk around in a plastic bag.”

“No, I usually bought boring clothes that would match my boring life. Or I bought fun clothes and hoped they would change my personality. The ugliest thing I ever bought was a fluorescent pink vest. Somehow I got it into my head in the fitting room that it looked good. After that I had a sense of dread for more than a year every time I opened my closet until I gave it away to a charity.”

“在遇到你之前，

我有可能会在试穿牛仔裤的时候胡思乱想：即便这条牛仔裤特别合身又有什么用呢？今天最有意思的事情莫过于看《飞越比佛利》^②的重播了。我还不如买一只黑塑料手袋，它要便宜得多。”

“我觉得，你不会拿着塑料手袋四处溜达。”

“不会，我通常会买特别无聊的衣服来配我无聊的生活。或者我会买有意思的衣服，寄希望于这些衣服能够改变我的个性。我买过最难看的衣服是一件自身发荧光的玫瑰红马甲。我在试衣间里突然觉得它很好看。每次我打开衣橱的柜门都会后悔，这样过了一年多，终于有一次把它捐了出去。”

`“Tell the one about when you punched in the code`

`and you felt like you were melting.” He burrows his head into her armpit with his nose as far in as it will go. This is how she smells, exactly like this.`

`“Yeah, I felt so in love, like a melted snowball. And when I went to punch in the code at the front door of your building, I thought about all the times your fingers pressed those numbers there and how those fingers were so lovely in me.”`

`“And then you stopped outside my door and wondered what you would say when I opened the door.”`

`“Yeah, even though I never said it.” She turns so they can look into each other’s eyes.`

`“What were you planning to say?”`

`“I was planning to say that I was a little nervous.”`

“你按门禁密码时感觉自己快要融化的事，

我想再听你讲讲。”他把头埋进她的身体，鼻子钻进最深处。她就是这个味道的，一点都没错。

“嗯，我感到自己恋爱了，像一只融化的雪球。我正要去按门禁的密码，这时我就想到你的手指每次都会在那里按那些数字，而你的手指探进我的身体里也是那么舒服。”

“然后你就站在我的门口，想象我开门时你要说什么。”

“可是我并没有把事先准备好的话说出来。”她转了下身子，这样他们可以看着彼此的眼睛。

“你当时想要说什么？”

“我想说，我有点紧张。”

“Here’ s the gay beach. In the evenings they gather here.”

They’ re strolling around Lake Brunnsviken and he’ s telling her about the various places they pass, even though they’ ve walked there lots of times. Betty isn’ t from Stockholm, after all, so it can ‘t hurt for her to hear a repeat of the lesson in local geography, history, and folklore. She’ s wearing a charcoal gray denim dress, which they both helped to pull up. Her black tights sag around one of her ankles. He holds the white underwear tightly in his left hand.

“这里是同志海滩。一到晚上他们就会聚在这里。”

他们绕着深井湾散步，他把他们走过的地方说给她听，尽管他们已经在那里走了很多次了。贝蒂是从外地来的，多了解一些斯德哥尔摩的风土人情也没什么坏处。她穿了一条黑灰色的牛仔裙，他们一起费力地将裙子穿好。黑色的裤袜在一只脚踝周围皱成一团。白色的内裤被他紧紧地攥在左手里。

“Do you think you’ d want to be with me if
you

could read my thoughts?”

“Everything you were thinking?”

“Yeah. ”

“I’ m not sure. How would I know that?”

“You can’ t. ”

“如果你能读出我在想什么，

你觉得你还会和我在一起吗？ ”

“你的所有想法吗？ ”

“是的。 ”

“我还真不知道，我怎么能知道呢？”

“确实不能。”

They lie hidden on a flat rock on the north shore

of Lake Brunnsviken. He looks at her feet submerged in the yellowish water. Her toes look like little cheese curls.

“I used to come here in middle school to sneak cigarettes.” He takes off his socks and dunks his feet in the water so they end up next to hers. “First I took off all my clothes so they wouldn’t smell, smoked a cigarette in my underwear, and then went for a swim afterward.”

“Exactly what we’re doing now, in other words.”

“Yeah, like now, only lonelier.”

他们躺在深井湾北岸一块隐蔽的大岩石上。

他看见她的双脚泡在水里。脚趾像小小的膨化芝士条。

“小学四五年级的时候，我经常躲到这里来偷偷抽烟。”他脱下袜子，把脚泡进水里，挨着她的脚边。“我把所有的衣服都脱掉，避免沾上烟味，然后我只穿内裤抽烟，抽完后就跳下水去洗个澡。”

“就像我们现在这样吧。”

“嗯，就像现在，不过更孤单一些。”

“You have to promise you won’ t laugh when you see it.”

“I promise.”

“You can’ t think that I look like a monster.”

“Just show me.”

He pulls up his shirt and on the side of his stomach is a birthmark with a hair growing out of it.

“Is that all?”

“Do you think I’ m disgusting?”

“It’ s hardly even visible.”

“你必须保证，看到后不笑。”

“我保证。”

“你不许觉得我像个怪胎。”

“好啦，赶紧给我看吧。”

他撩起上衣，在肚子的一侧有一块胎记，上面带着一根毛。

“就这个？”

“你会不会觉得我很恶心？”

“可它几乎都看不到啊。”

“Sixten came home and we got engaged.”

Mom's voice is eager on the phone, it sounds like a frenzy of flying spit on the other end.

“We went to a spa this weekend, ate sushi, took mud baths, walked around all weekend in bathrobes, everything was included, although not the champagne, we had to pay extra for that, and we had our own room to sleep in, the room was all designed to look Japanese. Totally amazing. Everything was great.”

The phone goes silent for a while.

“Well, how fun. I guess congratulations are in order, then. Congratulations!”

“Yes, and now he's gone off to his regiment.”

“西克森回来了，我们订婚了。”

妈妈在电话里的声音很急切，听上去好像能感觉到电话那端唾沫飞溅。

“周末我们去做水疗、吃寿司、洗海泥浴，整个周末都穿着睡袍四处溜达，所有这些都是含在报价里的，除了香槟以外，香槟我们得自己额外付钱。我们还订到了一间独立的卧室，那种日式装潢的卧室。非常棒，一切都好极了。”

电话那边沉默了一会儿。

“哦，太好了。那要恭喜你了，恭喜恭喜！”

“嗯，现在他去军队总部了。”

“I added a different spice today,

can you guess which one?” Mom scarfs down the food enthusiastically to show that she thinks she made something really exciting. Sixten turns his head toward Morris and makes an effort to look like he’s also curious what the answer is.

Morris looks down at the plate; the vegetables are covered with brown dots. “Is it cinnamon?” he asks uncertainly.

“Cinnamon on vegetables?” Sixten mutters and then goes back to eating.

“Good guess!” Mom’s whole face beams, feeling understood. “I thought it would go, and for dessert I made crème caramel.”

“我今天用了一种特殊的调料，

你能猜出来是什么吗？”妈妈兴致勃勃地吃了起来，表现出一副她做的菜口味很特别的样子。西克森扭头看着莫里斯，努力做出他对答案也很好奇的样子。

莫里斯低头看看盘子，绿色的蔬菜上覆盖着棕色的斑点。“是肉桂吗？”他迟疑地说。

“蔬菜上配肉桂？”西克森嘟囔了一句，然后继续吃他的东西。

“没错！”妈妈整张脸都笑开了花，感到终于有人理解自己了。“我觉得这种调味料应该很合适，甜点我还准备了肉桂焦糖布丁。”

cold membrane open journey why coffee costs
think sidewalk

Mom got a little transparent box of refrigerator poetry magnets. “I’ve decided to have a new poem on the fridge every day.” It’s too much work when she talks about stuff like this; her eyes get sort of cross-eyed, and then he realizes that she is completely serious. He positions himself behind her and massages her shoulders with his thumbs. She is soft and hard at the same time. “Not so hard,” she says, wincing, “it’s nicer when it’s a little softer.”

冰冷的薄膜 开放的旅行 人行道想 为什么咖啡是要钱的

妈妈拿回来一个透明的盒子，用来装她贴在冰箱上的诗。“我决定了，以后每天都写一首新的诗贴在冰箱上。”她一说起这种事情，他就会感到头疼；她兴奋得有点对眼，这时他才明白，她绝不是说着玩儿的。他站在她身后，用手指按摩她的肩膀。她很怕疼，肩膀硬邦邦的。“别那么使劲儿。”她缩了下肩膀，“再温柔一点就舒服多了。”

The highlighters are available in various bright colors:

pink, green, and orange. He doesn't know what color Betty wants, but he guesses yellow. Her books are filled with these kinds of yellow lines, so you can tell what's important. The sales clerk stands in a corner of the shop; it's a young man wearing a black T-shirt with white lettering: *Kafka didn't have that much fun either.*

“Excuse me, do you have yellow highlighters?”

“Fluorescent markers?” The man's dry facial skin tightens in an expression of self-importance.

“Yeah, maybe that's what they're called.”

“No, we're out.”

“You don't have any in stock?”

“No, we're out. You'll have to choose something else.”

He goes over to where the nonfiction books are, and when no one's watching he tears pages out of a book on wine tasting until his fingernails hurt.

荧光笔有各种绚丽的颜色：

粉红、绿色、橙色。他不知道贝蒂想要什么颜色，但他猜她喜欢黄色。她的书中密密麻麻地画满了黄色线条，这样她就能知道哪些是重点了。营业员站在一个角落里。那是个男青年，穿着黑色T恤，T恤上印着白色的字：卡夫卡的生活也很无趣。

“打扰一下，请问你们有黄色的荧光笔吗？”

“重点符号标记笔？”那个男人的脸色凝重起来，脸上干燥的皮肤绷得紧紧的。

“是的，也许是叫这个名字。”

“没有，卖光了。”

“还有库存吗？”

“没有，卖光了。你换点别的吧。”

他走到专业书籍区，趁着没人看见，他开始撕一本有关品酒的书，一直撕。直到手指甲疼了才停手。

“Tonight we're going to listen just to this.”

She skips ahead to “Mute Witness” and hits repeat.
“What we do tonight will be stored in this song. Every time I put it on from now on I’ ll feel exactly like now. So if you die, I can still have you.”


“If I die?”

“Or if you are paralyzed and can’ t lie in my bed all night anymore.”

“Lying there would be exactly what I could do.”

“Yeah, and then we can listen to this song together.”

“今晚我们就听这个。”

她开始播放《无声言证》, 并设置了单曲循环。“我们今晚做的事情都会留在这首歌里。今后每当我们听到这首歌，都会有今天的感觉。这样如果有一天你死了，我就可以把你留下来了。”

“如果我死了？”

“或者你瘫痪了，不能再整夜整夜地躺在我的床上了。”

“除了躺着我应该做不了什么了吧。”

“嗯，那我们就一起躺着听这首曲子吧。”

“Have you told your dad about us?”

“He calls you the *Bettster*. Aren’ t you taking the Bettster to the party? Aren’ t you taking the Bettster to this or that?”

“Couldn’ t I meet him?”

“I don’ t know.”

“I’ d really like to.”

“We’ ll have to see. He works a lot.”

“你和你爸爸提起过我们吗？”

“他叫你贝贝^注。你不带贝贝来参加宴会吗？你不带贝贝去这吗？你不带贝贝去那吗？”

“我不能见见他吗？”

“我不知道。”

“我真的想见他呢。”

“我看看吧，他工作挺忙的。”

“My bike broke.

When he found out, he took the whole day off from work and I got to stay home from school. Then we went out to Solna Centrum mall. ‘You have to be able to ride your bike,’ he

said. After the bike shop, we went to the liquor store. ‘I’ m going to buy wine for my wife, I’ m tired of being frugal,’ he said and bought six expensive bottles of wine. I got that something was wrong with him, but everything was so fun and exciting, so I didn’ t want to ask what.”

“那次是我的自行车坏了。

他知道后请了一整天假没去上班，我也只好从学校请了一天假。然后我们一起去了索尔纳购物中心。‘你得有车骑才行。’他说。修完车之后，我们去了烟酒专卖店^注。‘我要给太太买几瓶红酒，我已经厌倦了节俭的生活。’说完他买了六瓶昂贵的红酒。我知道，他肯定有什么地方不对了，但一切都是那么刺激好玩，所以我并不想问他到底怎么了。”

The down that’ s all fluffy right where the cheek

turns into the throat. It’ s almost like it falls off when he touches it; peach fuzz, she calls it. He takes one of her fingers, her index finger, and looks at the nail. The half-scraped-off red nail polish. With his front teeth he nibbles off small flakes that don’ t taste like anything, it’ s just nice to putz around a little.

“Have you been up in the Eiffel Tower?” he asks, drooling out little red bits.

“Yes, but you already knew that. So why are you asking?”

“What a view, huh? France, as far as the eye can see.”

“Are you making fun of me?”

“Now you’ re in for it.” He rolls over on top of her, looks her seriously in the eye until her breathing changes.

从脸颊过渡到脖子的那段肌肤上的小绒毛。

他伸过手去抚摸一下，那些小绒毛好像就要掉落下来；桃毛，她这么说。他拿起她一根手指，食指，凝视她的手指甲。半剥落的指甲油。他用门牙啃掉了几小片，好像没有什么味道，只是这样摆弄一下似乎有种温馨的感觉。

“你上过埃菲尔铁塔吗？”他边问，边吐出几片红色的指甲油。

“上过啊，你知道我上去过。问这个干什么？”

“景色美极了，是不是？整个法国尽收眼底。”

“你是在逗我玩吗？”

“现在要你再体验一次。”他翻身压在她身上，严肃地盯着她的眼睛，直到她的呼吸变成了另外一种频率。

The darkness comes, the way it usually comes.

The light is sucked out, leaving a vacuum. He blinks and feels the warmth like a kind of cold. Knows that he doesn't have to do anything besides wait. Sometimes you have to wait only a little while and sometimes you have to wait a long time.

黑暗渐渐袭来，就像它惯有的那样扑面而来。

光线被吸走了，留下一片空洞。他闭上眼睛，感到爱的温暖就像这空洞带来的寒意。他知道他什么都不需要做，只能等待。有时候只要等一小会儿，有时候需要等很长时间。

The covers bulge in the grainy night air.

She's lying underneath, that he can be sure of. He crawls up from the foot of the bed, slips down next to her, and stuffs one of her breasts into his mouth as if she were breastfeeding him in her sleep. He listens to the sounds, the city noises outside. Apart from that there's no noise.

被子在飘满尘埃的夜晚空气中拱起来。

她就躺在下面，这一点他可以肯定。他从床尾爬上床，溜到她身边躺下来，把一个乳头含进嘴里，就好像她在睡梦中给他哺乳一样。他聆听着。屋外是城市的声音。城市之外寂静无声。

Sometimes she asks what he' s thinking about.

Once he responded that he was thinking about them breaking up, that he was wondering if they really were made for each other. He wanted to be on his own. Actually he was thinking about something completely different, something about how he could write a formula for solving the Rubik' s Cube. She cried all day and he enjoyed her inconsolability, how she wedged herself in, pounding on him with her fists and saying that he could never say that again.

她有时会问他在想什么。

有一次他回答说，他在想他们的分开，他在思考他们是否真的是天生的一对，他想要做自己。而实际上他却在想其他东西，诸如怎样写出一个解魔方的公式。她哭了一整天，他很享受她的悲伤无助，享受她紧紧地搂住他、捶他，说他再也不许讲这样的话。

They go for a walk in Betty' s neighborhood.

A ribbon of asphalt stretches out ahead of them, meandering along between small soccer fields, playgrounds, and fruit trees.

“I could get used to this,” he says contentedly. “The calmness and the considerate people.”

They walk by a man standing with his back bent and his face leaning over a pile of steaming dog poop. One of his hands is covered by a black bag.

他们在贝蒂居住的街区散步。

一条细长的沥青道路在他们脚下蜿蜒向前，在几个小足球场、游乐园和果树之间曲折前行。

“我能习惯这种生活。”他很享受地说。“平静的氛围，还有谦和的人们。”

他们走过一个男人身边，那个男人俯下身子，脸凑近一摊冒着热气的狗屎。他的一只手上套了一个黑色的塑料袋。

“It frightens me that I can’ t do anything sensible about it.”

“Are you scared that you’ ll wind up with a boring job where you have to see the same people every day and drink instant coffee?”

“I’ m more scared that I’ ll forget the feelings I have now.”

“Kind of like how you forgot how it feels to be three years old.”

“That surely I’ ll wind up thinking: I was so young, I didn’ t really understand everything. It bothers me that I know I will be wrong.”

“我很害怕，不敢轻举妄动了。”

“你是不是害怕，你会从事一份无聊的工作，每天和同样的一群人见面，而且不得不喝速溶咖啡。”

“我更害怕的是，我会忘掉我现在的各种感觉。”

“就像你已经忘记了三岁时的感受一样。”

“我肯定会想：我这么年轻，还有很多事情不太明白呢。最烦的是，我以后肯定会犯错。”

She presses a button and the whole village comes to life.

A model train starts chugging along, and the windows of the little houses light up. Each house has a yard with a bright green lawn. Her dad built a little miniature civilization up in the attic.

“He doesn’ t like me being here.”

“Don’ t you think its great?” He looks out at the big table, everything seems so peaceful and controlled.

“He shuts himself in here for hours.”

“Does your mom like being in here, too?”

“No, she hates it.”

她按了一个按钮，整座小镇苏醒了。

一列小火车哐哐地开动了，那些小房子上的窗子都亮了起来。每栋别墅都有一个院子和一块嫩绿的草坪。她的爸爸在阁楼上建起了一座微缩小镇。

“他不喜欢我来这里。”

“你不觉得它很精美吗？”他看着那张大桌子，一切看起来都是那么平静和有序。

“他会把自己关在这里好几个小时。”

“你妈妈也喜欢待在这里吗？”

“不，她恨这里。”

“Why are we always at my house?”

She stretches out her arms to show that this is precisely where they are.

“Everything is so cozy here in your room, I feel more at home here than at my own house. I can hardly remember the

color of the sheets in my room.”

“White, maybe? Surely we could be there sometime when they’ re home? One time at your mom’ s place and one time at your dad’ s?”

“Um, in that case there’ s something I have to tell you. My parents aren’ t really like yours.”

“Well, there wouldn’ t be any point in visiting them if they were, would there? It would be weird if they were actually exact duplicates of my parents and that you’ ve been hiding them so I wouldn’ t die of shock.”

“My mom’ s place is a little messy. She doesn’ t care that much that it looks like that. She mostly writes poems and goes to various study groups.”

“I think that sounds like an ideal mother.”

“And my dad is even weirder in a way that’ s harder to explain.”

“Is he mean?”

“Not mean, but it’ s a little hard to relax when he’ s around. He can get really intense.”

“Well, like how?”

“Like, if we go to a soccer game, for example, then he always kind of jogs the last part of the way there because he

gets so excited by the crowd and wants to get to the stadium as soon as possible.”

“But,” she breathes the way she does when she’s thinking about something, softly but spasmodically, “then he acts just like you.”

Everything in front of his eyes goes cloudy and starts spinning. He must have a weird look in his eyes, because Betty looks totally frightened. He gathers up his stuff off the floor and shoves it halfheartedly into his backpack. He’ll get the rest some other time. Right now he just has to get out.

“我们为什么总是待在我家？”

她伸出双臂，为了表现出他们此刻正身处在那里。

“你的房间特别温馨，待在这儿比我待在自己家里更舒服、更熟悉。我几乎记不得我的床单是什么颜色了。”

“白色，也许？我们或许可以在他们在家的时候去一次？去你妈妈家一次，去你爸爸家一次。”

“那有件事我得提前声明一下。我的父母和你的父母不太一样。”

“要是一模一样的，跑去拜访他们还有什么意义呢？如果他们真的就是我父母的翻版，那才叫奇怪呢！你把他们隐藏起来，难道是怕我被吓死不成？”

“我妈妈家比较乱，她不在乎家里看上去不整洁，她大多数时间都用来写诗和参加各种学习班了。”

“我觉得，她听起来像是一个理想中的妈妈。”

“而我爸爸就更奇怪一些，是一种比较难以形容的怪异。”

“他很刻薄？”

“不是刻薄，但是待在他身边很难放松下来。他节奏总是很快。”

“比如说呢？”

“打个比方，如果我们去看足球，在通往球场的最后一段路上，他总是一路小跑，因为他被那里的气氛搞得情绪高涨，想要尽快冲进体育场，越快越好。”

“可是，”她一旦突然想起什么事情，就会以这种方式呼吸，轻轻地，但很急促，“他的行为和你一模一样啊。”

他的眼前一黑，觉得天旋地转。他一定看上去很奇怪，因为贝蒂好像被吓坏了。他把地板上的东西扒拉到一起，心不在焉地塞进背包。其他的東西他得以后再拿了。现在他只想从这里出去。

When he stops and looks around

he notices that he has no idea where he is. It's starting to get dark, lots of people are passing him on their way home from work; their feet scrape against the gravel in the asphalt and their breath is showing. He goes into a

flower shop. It's humid and smells almost perfumed. "I'm not buying anything," he says. "I just have to warm up a little somewhere while I think." A balding old man with a comb-over is standing behind the counter. He sets down a blue flower in front of him and cuts a bit off the stem.

当他停下脚步，环顾四周，

他发现，根本不知道自己身在何处。天色开始暗了下来，下班回家的人群经过他身边。他们的脚碾在沥青马路的碎石子上，哈气从他们的嘴里冒出来。他走进一家花店，那里温暖、湿润，闻起来像是喷过香水似的。“我不买东西。”他说，“在我思考问题的时候，我必须得找个地方暖和一下。”一个谢顶的老头儿站在柜台后面，试图以仅有的几绺头发盖住秃顶。他把一朵蓝色的花拿起来，把一段花枝剪掉了。

“In the beginning, being alone is always a choice.

Then it's not a choice anymore. When did it stop being a choice? What is it in me that stopped choosing you, that moved into you instead so that I have to be with you in order to be with myself?”

“一开始，总是可以选择独处。

然后它就不再是一个可选项了。从什么时候开始，它不再是一个可选项了？到底是什么让我停止了选择？我不得不搬进你的心里，我必须与你合二为一，这样我才能找到我自己。”

” You have to get the sadness

out so it can go away.”

“But what am I going to do? When I get to a certain point, it runs out, it just turns into silence.”

“You have to find your way in. That’s the hard part. You use up so much energy staying closed off.”

“I suppose I’m scared it will never end if I open up.”

“你一定要把那些让你难过的事情找出来，

倾诉出来，这样痛苦的感觉才能消失。”

“可我该怎么做呢？每当我觉得触碰到了什么，曙光便立即消失了。”

“重要的是，要能找到进入你内心的途径，这是最难的。你已经花费了太多的精力把自己封闭起来。”

“我害怕，一旦我整个人打开了，那么痛苦就永远停不下来了。”

They get out of the car in the gigantic parking lot.

The asphalt is hot and smells like summer. The air hangs, quivering over the ground. Morris watches Betty as she tries to peel off her sticky sweatshirt; after a minute her head peeks out, red from the effort.

“There aren’ t that many people who chose to make a major shopping run today,” Dad says. “But cool that you guys wanted to come along.” Then he starts walking with determined steps toward a building filled with a long chain of shopping carts.

“I’ m sure most people are at the beach on a day like this,” Betty says, pulling out a cart after inserting her coin to release one.

It’ s cool and peaceful in the store. They walk in a line, all three of them, each with a shopping cart. The refrigerated displays make a dull rumbling noise. Dad goes first and cheerfully mumbles his way through everything on the shopping list, first to himself and then out loud. There’ s a shelf with various jars of preserved fruit.

Dad takes down a big jar of pineapple and holds it up in front of him.

“This goes well with ice cream. A bit of an everyday extravagance.”

他们在那个巨大的停车场下了车。

沥青被晒得滚烫，飘散出夏天的味道。空气在地面上颤抖。莫里斯看到，贝蒂正在试图脱掉汗渍涔涔的套头衫。大约过了一分钟的样子，她的头才钻了出来，一张脸因为费力而涨得通红。

“选择今天来大肆采购的人可不多。”爸爸说，“但是你们愿意一起来真是太好了。”然后他径直走向一栋建筑，那里堆满了用链子拴起来的购物车。

“这样的天气，大多数人一定会选择去海滩。”贝蒂说着，塞了一枚硬币，拉出一辆购物车。

商店里很凉爽、很安静，他们三个人排成一列，每人推一辆购物车。冷鲜柜台发出低沉的嗡嗡声。爸爸走在最前面，兴高采烈地念起了购物单上列出的东西，一开始自己嘟囔，然后竟大声朗读起来。一个货架上放着各种水果罐头。爸爸拿下来一大罐菠萝罐头，举在面前。

“和冰激凌放在一起好吃极了。一点点日常的小奢侈。”

“I escape into you and you escape into me.

But we can' t just trade places. I want you to still be in there when I enter you, otherwise I' ll drown.”

“We' re together anyway. Ultimately it doesn' t matter where.”

“There should be something between people, a table where you put a part of yourself and discuss it from the outside.”

“I don’ t need a table like that.”

“How will I know who I am, then?”

“我逃进了你身体里，你逃进了我身体里。”

不能只是我们两人换了个位置。在我来的时候，我想要你等着我，否则我就会沉没的，我会死的。”

“不管怎么说，我们在一起了。最后在哪里并不重要。”

“人与人之间应该有一件事物，例如一张桌子，人们可以把自己的一部分放在那里，站在一旁，客观地讨论。”

“我不需要这样的桌子。”

“那我该怎样知道我是谁呢？”

“Do you remember what you were wearing when

we met for the first time?”

“Was it my red-and-black-striped shirt?”

“Yeah, it was. Do you remember the pants?”

“My black cords?”

“Yeah, and you had your nice underwear on because you wanted to wear nice underwear the night you met the love of your life.”

“I don’ t remember that.”

“Is that what I am, the love of your life?”

“I’ ve only ever been in love with you and with a girl in nursery school named Saba. You win over her.”

“你还记得，我们第一次见面时，

你穿着哪件衣服吗？”

“我这件红黑条纹的上衣？”

“对，没错。你还记得裤子吗？”

“黑色的灯芯绒裤子？”

“没错，里面还穿了你最漂亮的内裤，因为你想要在遇到真爱的那个晚上穿上最漂亮的内裤。”

“我不记得了。”

“我是你的真爱吗？”

“我只爱上过你和一个名叫莎芭的幼儿园小孩。你赢了她。”

“Did you crochet this just for my sake?”

He holds up the potholder and sees her face through the loops. “When did you have time to do this?”

“In my spare time.”

Something breaks inside him, an ice dam; he can’t hold it back when he sees the asymmetrical rag with his initials in elegant blue letters.

“你织这个只是为了我？”

他拿起杯垫，从小挂环里看着她的脸。“你什么时候有空织这个了？”

“业余时间。”

有什么东西在他的身体里撕扯，冰层在裂开；无法阻止，不能停下。当他看到那些不对称的碎布条的时候，当他看到自己姓名的首字母被她用蓝色的花体字绣在杯垫上的时候，这个过程就无法倒退了。

The snow comes in heavy, wet flakes.

No one can see them lying there at the top of the diving tower in northern Djurgården. The tops of the pine trees across from them are drooping under the weight of the wet snow. He had decided to bring her here a long time ago, before they’d even met. There’s no helping the fact that it’s winter. The whiteness slowly covers the blanket over

them. Being together is being far enough away from everything else.

漫天的雪片铺天盖地压下来。

没有人看到他们，他们正躺在Djurgården^注岛北部高高的水塔上。松柏的树枝被雪压弯了。很久以前，甚至在他们相遇之前，他就决定要带她来这里了。冬天来了，没有人可以阻挡。他们身上的毯子慢慢地披上了一层白纱。在一起就是要远离其他的一切。

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1. 《飞跃比佛利》又名《六人行前传》，美国福克斯电视台著名电视剧，在美国与《六人行》齐名。共十季。
 2. 《无声言证》是英国摇滚歌手莫里西（Morrissey）于1991年发行的专辑《杀死叔叔》（Kill Uncle）中的一首歌曲。
 3. 贝蒂的昵称。
 4. 瑞典除啤酒外的所有高度酒只能在烟酒专卖店购买，由国家统一征收昂贵的烟酒消费税。
 5. Djurgården是斯德哥尔摩市中心的一座小岛。Djurgården一词在瑞典语中是皇家自然动物保护区的意思。

第三幕

"Have you noticed that I' ve been a little different today?"

"In what way?"

"That I' ve been acting weird in certain situations."

"Nope, I haven' t noticed that."

“你注意到没有，我今天有点不一样？”

“怎么不一样了？”

“我在某些情况下的行为有点怪。”

“没有，我没发现啊。”

He has a picture of Betty from the first morning.

"Are you one of those perverts who photographs everyone you sleep with," she had asked. "Yup, that' s just what I am," he had responded. The picture is grainy and black-and-

white and mostly just of her face, a face in full morning sun. It should be the picture of her that gets grainier every time he takes it out, but that's not how it works. It's something inside him that's getting grainy.

他有一张贝蒂的照片，是第一天早晨拍的。

“你是不是那种会给所有睡过的女孩拍照留念的变态家伙？”她问。“没错，我就是这样的家伙。”他回答说。照片是黑白的，影像颗粒很粗，几乎只有脸，一张洋溢着清晨阳光的脸。原本他觉得，他每拿出这张照片看一次，影像的颗粒就应该变得更粗一些，但现实中并不会这样。日渐模糊的地方，在他心里某一处。

“How can I know that you really like me?”

With both hands he's holding her around the neck in a stranglehold.

“Because I say so.”

“Because you say so?”

With a jerk she pulls herself free from his hold. “Do you have to be so skeptical? I'm sure you get what I'm saying.”

“Yeah, I get what you're saying. That's not what worries me. It's how you're saying it.”

“我怎样才能知道你是真的喜欢我呢？”

他双手环在她的脖子上，像是要扼住她的喉咙。

“因为我说过啊。”

“因为你说过？”

她用力从他手中挣脱出来。“你一定要这么疑神疑鬼吗，你应该明白我的意思吧？”

“我当然明白你说的是什么意思。让我担心的是你说话的方式。”

She sits in the bay window

with her back to the window and smokes a cigarette with her left hand, her other hand is inside her underwear. From the red leather sofa he can see the contours of the knuckles inside the white cotton like small tapered hills. She takes a puff, turns to face the window, and tosses the butt through the narrow opening. Walks barefoot over the herringbone parquet to him on the sofa and puts the palm of her right hand over his face, pulls the hand over his face until her fingers reach his mouth and pushes them in. Her fingernails scratch the flesh on the inside of his cheek, and an acidic bitterness spreads through his mouth.

她坐在飘窗上，

背对着窗户，左手拿着一根烟，另外一只手则放在内裤里。从红色皮沙发这里，他能看到白色的纯棉内裤里的指关节轮廓，像一座座尖尖的小山丘。她狠狠地抽了一大口烟，站起来，转过身面向着窗户，把烟蒂从狭窄的窗缝中丢了出去。她赤着脚走在木地板上，来到他坐的沙发前，整个右手手掌放在他脸上，沿着脸颊向下抚弄，直到手指触碰到他的嘴唇，把指尖塞了进去。指甲在脸颊上留下了轻微的划痕，一股酸酸的苦涩味道在他的口中蔓延开来。

Will the skin around her chest and throat develop

spots now? He feels her birthmark on her inner thigh, a meatball tadpole where the friction makes his hand linger. There's something he has to say. How do you say something like that?

她的乳房和脖子周围的皮肤都已经泛起了红色吗？

他用手抚摸着她大腿内侧的一块胎记，布满了疙疙瘩瘩的小凸起。皮肤的摩擦感使得他的手不自觉地停留在那里。他似乎应该说些什么。可是这种事情该如何启齿呢？

Her whole face is in simultaneous motion,

it's like looking down into a pot of boiling stew. Her body moves rhythmically, interpreting intentions in the

course of events and reacting to them. It's not like that for him. There's nothing to work against. He closes his eyes and feels the swell of her breast with his fingertips. There is a blemish on the skin. He has to feel it and feel it.

她的整张脸都在同时运动着，

就像是在看一口咕嘟咕嘟冒着热气的汤锅。身体有节奏地动着，无言地说出这一过程中不断变化的感受，以及随之而来的种种反应。对他来说这个过程没有这么丰富。他闭上眼睛，用手指来回感受她乳房的弧度。发现了一处小小的疤痕。他不停地去抚摸它。

He's naked, his body is used.

Betty smiles at him as if he's done something good, caresses his hip. How will they go on? What will they do now? He's going to put his clothes on again. He's appalling like this.

他一丝不挂，身体已经被她用过了。

贝蒂冲他微笑，好像他表现不错似的，她抚摸着他的臀部。他们要如何继续？现在他们该做什么呢？他会重新把衣服穿上。这样子让他感觉不自在。

“That's what happens to us when we die,

threads go in all directions all the time. I just want you to understand that.” He turns over to face Betty in the darkness and sees her chest moving up and down. He leans over her face and holds her hair out of the way with his hands so he can see her whole face. Everything is so rhythmic, so balanced when she’s asleep. They can talk about everything together when she’s like this, but not when she’s awake. Now is when he opens up for real.

“我们死后就会这样，

我们终于打开自己，我们的一切会不断向各个方向四散而去。我只是想让你知道这一点。”他在黑暗中把脸转向贝蒂，她的胸部一起一伏的。他把脸凑到她的脸旁，用手把头发拨开，这样他就能看到整张脸庞了。她熟睡的时候，身体的起伏均衡而有节律。也就是这时，他才能真正敞开自己。

In the dream she has a big red beach ball
that

she’s rolling in front of her in the snowy white sand. She smiles at him, the kind of smile that makes him feel like something is melting inside, like something is softening. Her swimsuit is also red, red with black polka dots, which makes her look like a ladybug. She’s running toward him but never seems to really get there. Every time she gets close it’s as if the scene starts over again from the beginning. He tries

to walk toward her, meet her partway, but the sand does something to his feet, makes him sink down a little bit with every step. So he just stands still and watches her coming toward him until she disappears again.

在梦里，她有一个大大的、鲜红的沙滩球，

在白色的沙滩上滚来滚去。她冲着他笑，那种微笑能让他感到内心有什么东西在融化，有些地方渐渐柔软了下来。她的泳衣也是红色的，上面印着黑色的圆点，这让她看上去像一只瓢虫。她朝他跑来，但是好像永远都没有办法来到他面前。每当她快要靠近的时候，场景就倒退回去，一切重新开始。他尝试着走向她，去迎接她，可沙子却拽着他的双脚，他每向前走一步，都会向下陷得更深一点。于是，他只能一动不动地站在原地，看着她向他跑来，直到她再次消失得无影无踪。

Dad' s eyes sparkle like two solar eclipses,

solid black hiding the light behind them. The light glimmers a little around the edges. He runs his hand through his hair so that the dandruff snows down like silver glitter over the collar of his shirt and his shoulders.

“Dad.” He happens to enunciate the word as if he really wanted to say something important but has no idea how to proceed. Something ulcerous grows in his mouth.

“Why didn’ t you turn in the coupons like you said you were going to?”

“I forgot. Sorry.”

爸爸的两只眼睛泪光闪闪，像两个日食的太阳，

黑漆漆的，背后却有藏不住的光。他的眼角渗出了一点点眼泪。他用手指拢了拢头发，头皮屑像小雪片似的纷纷飘落下来，粘在衣领和肩膀上。

“爸爸。”他脱口而出，语气仿佛确实有什么重要的事情要说似的，但他根本不知道要如何开口。那感觉就好像嘴里有个创口在不断扩大一样。

“你为什么不把购物券给收银员呢？你说过要给的呀。”

“我忘了。抱歉。”

He has an image of his dad standing up at
Ale’ s

Stones, Sweden’ s Stonehenge. The image consists of the grass, the sea, the sky, and Dad. It’ s like three layers, three equally large lines lying on top of each other: the grass on the bottom, then the sea, then the sky. Dad is standing exactly at the precipice between the grass and the sea with outstretched wings. That’ s what it looks like. He can see a series of images before him, how first Dad

cheerfully waves good-bye a few meters up in the air, then an image when he opens his pill holder, a red plastic one with different compartments, one for each day. In the last image white pills are falling like snow onto the grass.

他有一张爸爸在亚里巨石阵📷拍的照片。

照片由青草、大海、天空和爸爸组成。图案好像分成了三层，三条同样长的线条罗列在一起，最下面是草地，然后是大海，再然后是天空。爸爸就站在草地和大海之间的那条锐利的分界线上，张开翅膀，至少看上去是这样。好像他振翅欲飞，就要飞向远方。他眼前浮现出一幕幕画面：爸爸升空几米后，兴高采烈地挥手告别；下一幕中，他打开他的药盒，那个药盒有着红色边框，里面带有塑料分隔的小格子，一个小格子里放一天的药量；最后一幕里，白色的胶囊乱纷纷地从空中飘落到草地上。

” He wasn’ t exactly sulking, but you know what I mean. ”

“Was he irritated?”

“Not exactly irritated. He was sort of like that time you were going to come and meet him.”

“Was he irritated then?”

“It doesn’ t matter; at any rate it was a little tiresome.”

“It matters to me.”

“Okay, I guess he was a little sullen.”

“Why couldn’ t you just say that right away?”

“I thought you understood that from the beginning.”

“That he wasn’ t exactly sulking but sullen?”

“Well, it’ s not like I can read your mind.”

“It’ s easier if you actually want to know what I’ m thinking.”

“他并没有不开心，但你应该明白我的意思。”

“那他生气了？”

“也说不上生气，和那次你要来看他时的情况差不多。”

“那次他生气了吗？”

“这并不重要啊，我不想再讨论这件事了。”

“对我来说很重要。”

“好吧，他阴着脸，有点不高兴。”

“你为什么就不能当时马上告诉我呢？”

“我以为你从一开始就明白呢。”

“明白什么？他并没有生气，只是有点不高兴？”

“是啊，因为你以前和他打过交道呀。”

“想要读懂别人在想什么很难。”

“如果你真心想要读懂的话，那就会简单得多。”

“It feels like you went and made up your own

mind about who I am, that I won' t change, just because that' s easiest for you. It seems like you don' t want me to act differently.” She tries to make eye contact, but he looks away. He just doesn' t have it in him to look her in the eye when she' s saying the kinds of things he knows deep down inside are true. It' s too hard. He doesn' t say anything and she keeps going. “I' ve noticed that I' ve started to act the way you think I should. I don' t intend to be that kind of person. Before it felt like you thought I could do anything and then I believed it, too.”

“我觉得，你一直在试图改变我；

我不会被改变，改变我对你来说最容易。好像你并不愿意我做自己。”她想要看着他的眼睛，但他却做不到，特别是在此时，他内心深处知道她说的话是真的。太难了。他沉默不语，她继续说下去。

“我发现，为了喜欢你，我配合着变成你喜欢的样子。我不喜欢这样的自己。以前的你，觉得我怎样做都好。我信以为真了。”

The bus is about to pull away from the stop.

The door by the driver's seat is closed. He jogs along with the bus as it starts moving, tries to look in and make eye contact, but the driver ignores him.

"Can't you open the door?" he yells, panting and knocking on the door. "Open the fucking door!"

The driver stares straight ahead and drives away.

He runs and runs, sees all possible colors swimming before his eyes, doesn't manage to catch the bus at the first stop, but keeps running, he can't stop now or he would vanish. He finally catches it, watches dejectedly as his ticket gets stamped, walks to the very back of the bus, and there he can't hold it in any longer. The tears come like ribbons.

公共汽车正要离开站台，

司机旁边的车门已经关上了。他追着已经启动的汽车小跑了几步，试图引起司机的注意。但是，他完全被无视了。

“你就不能把车门打开吗？”他气喘吁吁地边喊边拍车门，“妈的，开开门！”

司机直勾勾地盯着前方，车开走了。

他跑啊跑啊，感觉眼前颜色变幻、光影颤动、头晕目眩。在第一个车站他没能追上汽车，于是就继续往前跑。现在不能停，停下来他就会被甩没影了。最后，他追上了那辆车，无助地看着计次车票被打了一个孔，然后走到汽车最后一排。他再也忍不住了。眼泪成串地掉落下来。

Will she call soon?

His arms and legs curl away from him like syrup; the way he stands in the room when no one sees him, with his back hunched and his arms hanging limply. He raises his left arm and sticks his nose in his armpit. What do people do when they' re lonely? He doesn' t know.

她会不会就要打电话过来了？

双臂和双腿好像糖浆似的从他身上一点点流走了。没有人看见的时候，他就会这样站在房间里——驼着背，手臂有气无力地垂下来。他抬起左臂，把鼻子埋进腋下。人们孤单的时候都会做些什么呢？他不知道。

He writes down a word to remember it.

Later on when she comes, he goes and gets the scrap of paper and holds it up in front of her. For a while it' s all

there at the same time: in his head, on the scrap of paper, and in front of him.

他写下这个词，想要把它记住。

等到她来的时候，他就能取出纸条，把它举到她眼前。有那么一刻，一切都同时存在——在头脑中，在纸条上，在他面前。

He has a picture of himself dressed up like a Native

American. His mom took the picture; she took almost all of the pictures. If anyone came up with the idea to collect their family photos, then the pictures of her would be worth the most. The sense of pride at the big feather headdress washes over him again; which is to say, it hadn' t left him, that feeling, but had just been dormant, waiting for him to become a chief again.

他有一张穿着印第安行头的照片，

那是妈妈给他拍的。几乎他的所有照片都是她拍的。如果有人突发奇想，要收藏他们一家人的照片，那么最值钱的肯定是妈妈的照片。那顶大大的羽毛帽子带来的自豪感又一次袭上心头，它并没有消失，那种感觉，只是藏在心灵深处，静静地等待着他有朝一日重新成为酋长。

The postcard was postmarked in Paris on April 9, 1978.

It's from their honeymoon. On the back it says *Greetings from PARadISE*. It's written in Mom's handwriting, with a small heart over the *i* instead of a dot.

明信片上盖着“巴黎，1978年4月9日”的邮戳。

是在蜜月旅行中寄来的。背面写着：**来自天堂巴黎的问候**。字迹出自妈妈之手，字母“i”上的圆点都被小桃心代替了。

“I don't think every person is unique.

If every person is unique, then *unique* is a completely unnecessary word.”

“Don't you think that every person has something specific that makes them special?”

“Maybe, but if that's the case, then people are 99 percent boring.”

“And you, are you one of the few people who isn't boring?”

“I don't think I'm any more remarkable than anyone else. The difference is that I've discovered that I don't

need to go around pretending I have a personality.”

“我不认为每个人都是独一无二的。

如果每个人都独一无二，那么独一无二这个词就会是个没什么用处的词。”

“你难道不觉得，每个人都有点令他们与众不同的东西吗？”

“也许吧，但无论如何，百分之九十九的人都有些独到的乏味之处，因而与众不同。”

“那你呢，你是凤毛麟角的那几个不乏味的人之一吗？”

“我并不觉得我比其他人更引人注目。不过区别在于，我有自知之明，我不需要四处假装我是个有个性的人。”

“I drank out of a mug today.”

“How exciting.”

He keeps going without paying any attention to her contribution.

“There was a little map of the Parisian subway system on the mug. There were tons of lines in different colors that were spread all over the city. If you want to travel between two stations, there are several ways you can go. Not like

here in Stockholm. When I go to see you, I always have to change trains at the main T-Centralen station.”

“今天，我用一个马克杯喝水来着。”

“太棒了。”

他假装没听见她的回应，继续往下说。

“杯子上印着一张巴黎地铁线路图。那里有一大堆线路，不同颜色标注的，四通八达地穿过了城市的每个角落。从一个站点到另一个，有很多方式可以到达。不像这里。我去找你的时候，每次都必须在中央车站换乘。”

He picks up her T-shirt from the bed and buries

his face in it. The feeling of safety spreads around him like warm bathwater. Imagine living the rest of his life without this scent that only she has. He can walk into a room and sense that she was just there, perceive the pungent sweetness she leaves behind.

他从床上拿起她的上衣，把脸埋进里面。

安全感像温暖的洗澡水一样在他身边蔓延开来，围住他。余生都要过着没有她身上的味道的生活吗？他可以走进一个房间，感觉到她

还在那里，隐约闻到她留下的香甜气息。

“Why are we so boring all the time?

Can’ t we do something fun?”

“Sure, like what?”

“I don’ t really know, anything as long as it’ s fun.”

“Maybe we could rent a movie.”

“That might be nice.”

“我们为什么总是这样无所事事呢？

我们就不能干点有意思的事情吗？”

“当然可以，干什么呢？”

“我也不知道，任何有意思的事都可以。”

“我们也许应该租部电影来看。”

“嗯，不错。”

He stands up, walks out into the hallway,
carelessly

throws on his coat, and yells good-bye without waiting for a response. It's dark out. A parked car with its lights left on casts an eerie light over the street. He walks for a ways until he passes a grove of trees, where he stops for a brief moment and then walks in among the trees. He sits down on a big rock, a boulder. Feels deserted in an exciting way. As if he's capable of being alone.

他站起身，来到大厅，胡乱披上外衣，大声说再见，

并不等待对方回应。外面一片漆黑。有个人把车停在那里忘记关大灯了，车灯很诡异地照亮了整条街道。他机械地走着，来到一片小树林前，停了一会儿，然后便走进了树林。他坐在一块大石头上——一块巨大的石头，感觉自己以一种令人兴奋的方式被遗弃在那里，就好像他有足够的能力独自活下去。

She's lying in a puddle on the bathroom floor,

wrapped in a black silk robe with a dragon embroidered on it in gold. Her toes and fingers are all curled up. He wants to say that he's sorry, too, that he dies when he sees her like this. Instead he turns off the bathroom light and lies down next to her, becomes a part of their ball of yarn.

她躺在浴室的一小滩水里，

身上包裹着绣金龙的黑色丝绸睡衣。眼泪和手指纹缠在一起。他想说，他也很难过，他看到她这样会死的。不过最终，他只是关掉了浴室的灯，并排躺在她身边，成为这一团乱麻中的一部分。

Snores that slice through the darkness wake him up,

as if someone is trying to start a lawn mower over and over again. A thought comes over him, a salvation.

“Wake up, Betty, wake up.” He shakes her eagerly. “You have to wake up.”

“What is it?” She turns toward him, but her eyes are still closed.

“Well, I was thinking that we could take a trip, maybe to Paris. Try new foods, snails or frog legs, go to museums, do some wine tasting, anything you want.”

他被划破黑暗的鼾声吵醒了，这声音

就好像有人一次又一次地尝试发动一台割草机。有个念头控制了他，一场自我救赎。

“醒醒贝蒂，醒醒。”他急切地摇晃她，“你一定得醒醒。”

“怎么了？”她朝他转过身去，但并没有睁开眼睛。

“嗯，我想，我们出国去旅游，也许可以去巴黎。品尝一些不一样的美食，蜗牛或者田鸡腿，或者去看看博物馆，品品红酒。你想做什么都可以。”

The car glides silently along local roads
after the

freeway ends in Norrtälje and the speed limit drops to thirty miles per hour. It smells like leather, he thinks, or new-car smell. Outside the trees and plants are waiting for spring to arrive so they can start to grow unchecked. Big piles of gravel lie by the sides of the road, and the leaf buds have a light green sheen. Betty's dad is holding the steering wheel with his arms straight and looking straight ahead. She's sitting up there next to him in the passenger's seat and glances back at him in the backseat now and then. She says a few encouraging words. "Won't it be great?" or "We stop here a lot to buy coconut balls."

汽车开过诺尔泰利耶后，静静地沿着限速30英里的

道路行驶。车子里有股淡淡的皮革味道，或许是新车特有的那种气味。车窗外，树木、花草都在等待春天的到来，等待着有朝一日可以肆意生长。路肩上堆着大堆大堆的碎石子，叶芽透出淡淡的嫩绿色，很显眼。贝蒂的爸爸双臂伸得直直的，紧紧地握着方向盘，目光直视前方。她坐在前排副驾驶位置，时不时看一眼坐在后排的他，说

几句活跃气氛的话。“很棒吧，对不对？”或“我们以前经常在这里停一下，买巧克力椰球糖吃。”

They’ re lying on their stomachs in front of
the wood stove,

which shoots out sparks every now and then. An orange square glows surrounded by black. He moves his hand toward it and shuts his eyes, feeling the heat against his palm.

“Are we here because we re having a crisis?” she says in the middle of exhaling.

A shower of sparks erupts as if the stove were choking on something.

“I don’ t know,” he says hesitantly. “I’ ve never had a relationship before.”

“It feels like were being pursued.”

“What do you mean?”

“As if we have to go out all the time and go for walks, because if we’ re not going for a walk then something terrible will happen, something will catch up to us.”

他们趴在壁炉前，

壁炉里面时不时地发出噼噼啪啪的声音。一个红彤彤的方框套在一个黑框中闪闪发光，他把手伸到炉火前，闭上眼睛，感觉着手掌的热量。

“我们到这里来是因为我们之间出现危机了吗？”她用嘴往手上呵着热气，突然问出这样一个问题。

一个火花突然啪的一声迸裂开，好像有什么哽在壁炉的咽喉中一般。

“我不知道。”他有些迟疑。“你是我的第一个女朋友。”

“这感觉就好像我们在被什么东西强行追赶着一样。”

“你的意思是？”

“好像我们必须不停地走出去，出去走个不停。仿佛一旦我们停止行走，就会有可怕的事情发生，有个东西就要追上我们俩似的。”

Two birds with strange curved beaks are standing

down by the edge of the beach and tugging at something that seems to be stuck in the sand.

“If only we could stay here forever.” There’s a note of sadness in her voice.

“Here in Singö?”

“Everything would be so easy then. We would prepare meals, go for walks, go swimming, and go to bed early.

Maybe buy a good dessert on the weekends. We could just be with each other.”

“Yeah, but that wouldn’ t work. We wouldn’ t be able to take it. One of us would go crazy after a couple of weeks, like that guy in *The Shining*, and try to cut the other one up with an ax.”

“I don’ t get it. We’ re doing everything right, aren’ t we? It’ s all the other people who are always getting in the way. I want to get away from them.”

两只长着怪异弯喙的鸟儿在海滩上，

好像正在往外拽着埋进沙子里的什么东西。

“如果我们能永远待在这里就好了。” 她的声音里隐隐露出淡淡的忧伤。

“在星岛这？”

“那样一切都会简单很多，我们可以做饭、散步、游泳，早就上床睡觉。也许在周末的时候去买份好吃的餐后甜品。我们的生活中可以只有彼此。”

“是啊，可是这根本行不通。我们会受不了的。我们中肯定有一个人在几个星期后就会疯掉，就像《闪灵》^①里的男主人公一样，用斧子把另一个人砍死。”

“我真的不明白。我们应该从来都没做错过什么吧？只有其他人一直碍手碍脚的。我想要逃离他们。”

“But that’ s just Morris and Betty.

We' re Peanut and Sailor. We' re sitting on a boat on its way to America along with Kristina from Duvemåla-you know, from the musical-and all her nice friends. When we get there we' ll buy cotton candy and root beer and watch TV shows in our house in North Carolina. It' s a fantastic little house with a view of a river where redfish jump up and down. In the backyard we have a pool where the water is so blue that you think the sun went and lay down for a while. I' ll be a stay-at-home mom and buy an apron decorated with little pockets filled with candy. Our neighbors' names are Brandon, Kelly, Dylan, and Steve."

“可那只是莫里斯和贝蒂。

我们可是Peanut和Sailor啊。我们与从杜汶莫拉来的克里斯蒂娜
④和她的朋友们一起坐船去美国。到了之后，我们就去买棉花糖和根汁汽水，在我们北卡罗来纳州的房子里看电视上的真人秀。那是一栋精巧的小房子，景致优美，窗外有一条河，河里有红色的鱼跃出水面。屋后有一个游泳池，池水碧蓝，就像天空躺在里面打了个盹儿似的。我就做家庭妇男，买一条有好多小兜的围裙，小兜里装满糖果。我们的邻居名叫布兰登、凯利、迪伦和史蒂夫。”

Their breath shows when they exhale.

They' re standing on the balcony with vegetables wrapped in aluminum foil in their hands. As if they were thinking about handing out Christmas presents.

“We could actually make them in the oven,” he says, shivering.

“We said we were going to barbecue,” she replies, determined, setting down the vegetables, which gleam in the darkness on the balcony floor. Then she bends down under the grill and takes out the lighter fluid, sprays it over the briquettes until the container is completely empty. It forms a pool under the briquettes, which aren’ t able to soak up all the liquid. With her left hand she runs a match over the striking surface, back and forth a couple of times until it ignites. Then she flips it into the barbecue.

他们的呼吸在嘴边变成了哈气。

他们拿着锡箔纸包好的蔬菜站在门廊上，好像要分发圣诞礼物的样子。

“我们其实可以去屋里的炉子上做的。”他打着冷颤说。

“我们说好要烧烤的。”她斩钉截铁地回答。说着她把蔬菜放在门廊的地上，锡纸在黑暗中一闪一闪的。她弯下腰，拿出助燃剂，浇到烧烤炭上，直到整瓶液体都倒空了。炭块没能吸收掉所有的液体，在下面形成了一个小水洼。她用左手沿着火柴盒上的擦片划了根火柴，来来回回划了几次，直到火柴被点燃，然后便扔进了烧烤架里。

It’ s lying there, squashed into the ground,

with a horseshoe-shaped wound. If it weren' t for the quills, it would be hard to tell what kind of animal it was.

“Horseshoes don' t seem to bring good luck to hedgehogs,” he says to cheer things up a little.

She flips the animal over with two sticks and makes noises like a detective who is piecing together what happened. The tips of the sticks turn red. “There are some things that not even a hedgehog can protect itself from,” she says tactfully and then starts walking again, hopping over the carcass.

它被压扁在路上，

身体中间有一个马蹄形状的伤口。如果不是有那么多刺，根本看不出这是什么动物。

“马蹄对刺猬来说似乎不是什么吉兆。”他想要调节一下气氛。

她用两根手杖把尸体翻了过来，像刑侦警官寻找线索似地自言自语着。手杖尖被染红了。“有的时候，连刺猬也保护不了自己。”她似乎在掩饰自己的心不在焉，然后，她轻轻跳过刺猬的尸体，继续散步。

“How do you know when it' s over?”

“Maybe when you feel more in love with your memories than with the person standing in front of you.”

“什么时候，你知道结束了？”

“也许是，当这个人站在你面前时，比起这个人，你更爱那些爱的记忆。”

For a while it feels exactly like before,

like she can joke around any way she wants, fool around however she feels like without thinking about it. Just be silly to the point that everything feels warm and jolly. A grass skirt is hanging on the wall; just the fact that there's a grass skirt hanging on the wall makes them both laugh. She pulls it down from the wall, slips it over her head and shimmies it down over her body until it comes to rest above her hips. She puts on a show until every bit of grass in the skirt is vibrating. Then takes off what she was wearing underneath and runs out in the yard with him right behind her. She screams, feeling happy. She wants to scream all the blackness out of her body. When she stands and sticks her hands under his T-shirt and feels all the smoothness that is him, she feels tingly. She wants to lie down there on the green spring lawn and just listen to the rustling from the grass skirt while his hands touch her.

有那么一刻，仿佛又找回了从前的感觉，

她会随便开各种玩笑，不计后果地肆意表现。只要假装和睦愉悦就好。一条草裙挂在墙上——仅仅是墙上挂着一条草裙这件事，就能让他们两人都笑得前仰后合。她把裙子从墙上拽下来，从头上套了进去，往下抖了抖，直到它停在胯上。她用力让裙子上的每根穗子都抖起来，然后脱掉了裙子下面的衣服，跑到院子里。他紧跟在她身后，也跑了出去。她高声喊叫，感到幸福无比，她要把所有黑暗的东西都从身体里驱赶出去。她停下来，把手伸进他的上衣里，感受着属于他的那份柔软。心里痒痒的，有点小紧张。她想要躺在这片初春的枯黄草地上，就只是听着草裙窸窸窣窣的声音，让他的双手抚摸她。

She' s standing out on the balcony looking out over

the gray-green water. Then she lowers her eyes and looks down at the pier where he' s lying and waiting with his legs dangling over the edge. He' s already dragged the rowboat out of the water and tied it up to the pier again. She catches a glimpse of two bright-red life jackets in the boat. They had planned to row over to the other side and buy salmon at the fish farm. It starts in her stomach. It always starts in her stomach, a growing, black clump of tar. She tries to think positive thoughts: The salmon will be great to barbecue. Maybe they can take a dip by the rocks and rinse away all this ice-cold water. It' s just impossible to be happy about all the pleasant little amusements they try to think up. There' s something fundamental that' s missing, something she can' t put her finger on. It' s like they' re always pouring more multicolored. sprinkles on top of melting ice cream.

她站在门廊上，看着灰绿色的水。然后收回目光，

看向栈桥，他躺在那里等她，两条腿耷拉在桥面下晃着。他已经把小船拖下了水，又重新拴到了栈桥上。船上隐约可见两个橙红色的救生背心。他们计划把船划到对岸，去那里的养殖场买点三文鱼。隐隐的不安应该是从肚子开始的，总是从肚子开始，逐渐扩展成一片越来越大的黑色沥青。她努力去想点好的：三文鱼烤起来很香。也许他们可以从岩石边跳到水里去，让刺骨的冰水把一切都冲走。那些他们刻意制造的小浪漫没办法令人高兴起来。缺少了某样最基本的东西，那是她所无法挽留的。就好像他们把鲜艳的小糖粒不停地撒在正在融化的冰激凌上。

They' re sitting on the red leather sofa and crying

all the tears that they' ve stored up recently. It feels frantic, everything they say disappears into sobbing and runny-nosed, incomprehensible words. Every time he looks at her he just wants to throw himself into her lap and say that it was just a joke. That they' re still together, that they' re still going to do thousands and thousands of fun things together. It' s impossible to understand how two people who love each other so much can hurt each other so much. "Why can' t everything just be the way it usually is?" she cries. "I don' t know," he answers. "It just can' t anymore." He tries to lift his arm to take a drink of water, but his arm won' t obey. He sinks down off the sofa, down onto the herringbone parquet flooring, and she sinks

down after him as well, so that they both end up on the floor. “Couldn’ t I have a hug?” he asks. *Yes, sure you can have one*, she thinks, *but just one. Otherwise I’ m going to go crazy*. They hug as hard as they can, desperately hard. It feels like every hug they’ ve ever given each other at the same time. Their mouths glide toward each other, they haven’ t truly understood it’ s over, no one has thought to tell them the tragic news. They get closer to each other as if it’ s the most natural thing in the world, as if they’ ve always belonged together. When their lips brush against each other their bodies give a start and roll apart, across the floor. They’ re flung apart like two repelling magnets. That’ s what’ s happened. Their plus and minus poles aren’ t attuned to each other.

他们坐在红色的皮沙发上，把最近一段时间积压

在心底的所有眼泪都哭了出来。他们所说的一切，都在抽抽噎噎和涕泪横流中消失得无影无踪。这种感觉让人狂躁。每一次他抬眼看她，都想扑到她的怀中，告诉她这只是个玩笑，告诉她他们还在一起，他们还可以一起制造成千上万个浪漫，开成千上万个玩笑。真的无法理解，两个如此相爱的人怎么能彼此伤害这么深。“为什么一切不能像以前那样？”她哭着说。“我不知道。”他回答说。“但是我们真的回不去了。”他想要抬起手臂，去喝口水，但手臂却不听使唤。他从沙发上滑下来，瘫坐在地板上，她随后也滑了下来，于是他们两个都坐在了地板上。“我可以要一个拥抱吗？”他说。嗯，一个拥抱当然可以，她想，但是只能拥抱这一次了，否则我会疯掉的。他用尽全身力气紧紧拥抱在一起，绝望地紧紧抱住。好像要把他们曾

经给过对方的所有拥抱都汇集在这一刻。嘴唇缓缓滑向彼此，他们还没明白一切都已经结束了，没有人想过要告诉他们这个令人悲伤的消息。他们的身体慢慢靠近，就像是这世界上最自然不过的事情，就像他们自始至终还在一起。嘴唇触碰到对方的那一刻，身体一个激灵，迅速分开了。他们互相推开彼此，好像两块相斥的磁铁。没错，一切都结束了。他们的正负极对彼此来说装反了。

“You know that night we went swimming by City Hall?”

Her eyes twinkle. She's speaking more straight out into space than to him specifically, as if she's remembering something out loud.

“Yeah, what about it?”

“I snuck a peek at you while you were getting undressed. I thought, ‘Morris, he's the only thing glowing in all this darkness.’ ”

“But there were probably thousands of lights on the other side of the water and over by the subway tracks.”

“I know, but I wasn't looking in that direction.”

“你还记得我们在市政厅外游泳的那天晚上吗？”

她的眼中有光在微微闪烁。她更像是对着空气自言自语，而不是对他说的，好像这在她记忆中占据着很重要的位置。

“记得，怎么了？”

“你脱衣服的时候，我在偷偷地看你。我想，莫里斯是黑暗中唯一的光芒。”

“可是对岸有成千上万盏灯亮着啊，而且地铁那边也有灯光。”

“我知道，但我没朝那个方向看。”

Inside his body dark red fireballs leave his heart

and gush out, warming his hands and feet until they singe and burn and forget themselves. His hands fumble, his body is a transatlantic liner and smoke billows out of his mouth in the lit-up darkness. Nameless girls look down at him and up at him and through him. His skin gets goose bumps and the small pinpricks from their gazes bore into the places where they were always rather painful. His chest fills with wet cement, he feels a twinge and he doesn't know if he's bursting or hardening.

在身体最深处，红彤彤的火球黯然离开了心房，

涌出，温暖双手和双脚，直到它们燃烧起来、烧焦、忘掉自己。在被点亮的黑暗中，手在摸索着，身体像是大西洋上迷失航向的邮轮，烟从嘴里翻滚出来。不知名字的女孩们从上到下打量着他，把他看穿、看透。皮肤起了一层鸡皮疙瘩，目光中隐隐的恶意紧紧地盯住

那些或多或少令人心痛的地方。胸中像是塞满尚未干透的混凝土，只感到心口隐隐刺痛。他不知道，这颗心会长出裂隙并成为碎末，还是终将化作坚硬无比的石块。

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1. 亚里巨石阵位于瑞典南部一个面对波罗的海的小渔村的悬崖上，由59块巨石排列而成。
 2. 《闪灵》是库布里克1980年执导的美国恐怖电影，讲述了一个为了寻找灵感的作家，带着妻儿搬进一间发生过凶杀案的旅店工作，最终被幻象逼疯，把妻儿都杀死的故事。
 3. 瑞典著名作家威廉·莫贝里的移民小说系列中的人物，小说以瑞典人去美国的移民潮为背景。

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www.huan404.com

联系电话_010-87923806

投稿邮箱_info@huan404.com